on the edge of the sitting circle, the high, unique falsetto of the leader, the long drawn out final contraltos of the women—it is true, once heard you will never forget. Even the singers do not know the meaning of all they sing—songs of the old gods and the old ways, some of them. If only----

No ; I will not do it. Grudge you not Tahiti her last song. The gay stream of girls in their pretty bright frocks and hats, throwing their confetti with laughing dark eyes and quick brown hands; the men, white-clad, wreathed too with ferns and flowers of *Tiare Tahiti* and pandanus, so magically sweet, who ogle and jostle them ; the groups that consume incredible quantities of the sweetest champagne or, as the francs fly, bottle after bottle of beer, the while they dance more and more vehemently, more and more unrestrainedly, in the end frankly and whole-heartedly erotic and bacchanalian—let them have their day. They are not responsible for the hideous

incongruities
and the smug hypocrisies that are here. Nor, wholly, are we. It is just human fate that the good is corrupted, that instinctive art is prostituted, that